

# Good Morning 722

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Home Town Gossip

CONTROVERSY has raged in the austere surroundings of Winchester's City Council chamber over an hotel "sign."

The Black Swan, a hostelry which figures in the literary history of England's ancient capital, was pulled down ten years ago, for street widening.

The figure of a black swan which had adorned the exterior of the hotel remained to mark the site until last summer when it succumbed to dry rot and crashed to the ground.

When the question of replacing the "sign" was raised, the City Council decided that the cost of providing and erecting a new figure in artificial stone was not a justified charge on the local rates.

Whereupon, a number of citizens, headed by ex-Mayor Stanley Clifton, J.P., subscribed £55 to provide a new black swan, leaving the cost of erecting it to be borne by the ratepayers.

But the General Purposes Committee of the Council recommended that the offer should not be accepted and suggested that a suitably-worded plaque marking the spot where the Black Swan had stood would be sufficient.

The matter was warmly debated in the Council on two occasions, and an amendment to the committee's recommendation was moved to the effect

that the Council express thanks to the citizens who had subscribed to provide a new bird and that the cost of erection and maintenance above the sum raised should be borne by the city.

The amendment was eventually carried by the narrow majority of a single vote. So the famous black swan is to be re-born in artificial stone.

**SALVER GIFT.**  
SALISBURY, some months ago, accorded the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry the honour of marching through the city on all ceremonial occasions with bayonets fixed, colours flying and drums beating.

The privilege was granted in recognition of the regiment's long association with Salisbury and of their distinguished service in the war.

Now, there has been a sequel. Lieut.-Col. S. Loyd, D.S.O., commanding officer of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, and ten other members of the regiment waited upon the City Fathers at a recent Council meeting and presented to the City a handsome silver salver, subscribed for by all ranks, to commemorate the honour the city had bestowed on the regiment.

## Glasses are Raised to C.P.O. Michael Smith

HERE'S a toast to Chief homecoming, and Mrs. Cresdee Petty Officer Michael Smith is determined to make it a great one—"A quick end to the war in day, the East and a safe return."

"Tell Michael I shall be glad to see his face again," she said, "and we'll feed him up. He shall have his usual pint of milk in the morning and some of our famous pastries and cakes!"

And that's our message, Michael, from your charming little "Wren" wife, Joyce, and all the family at 4 Northfield Avenue, Fareham.

Looks quite like a Ve-Day celebration at Northfield Avenue, doesn't it? But that's nothing to the "Whoopie" they intend to make—so Mrs. Cresdee tells us—when they get you home again.

We were glad to catch them all in our picture—Mr. Cresdee, your father-in-law, George and Barbara Dunning, Joyce's brother-in-law and sister, Mrs. Cresdee, and nephew Trevor Dunning, aged four, as well as Joyce herself.

Your wife says she misses you terribly, and she is longing for the day when you can be together again. That can be well believe, as you have only been able to spend about a month together since you were married.

Still, she is very happy to be also doing her bit for the old country with the Wrens, and if she does feel a little miserable at times, the other girls are quite good fun, and one of them occasionally goes along with her to the "flicks."

We were interested to hear that Mr. Cresdee has been with the famous Gosport yacht builders, Messrs. Camper and Nicholson, for over forty years, and is now working on a brass model of a motor torpedo boat.

George and Barbara are looking for a house—almost like searching for gold!—but they also hope to be around to celebrate your

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# Mata Hari Lovely Viper

MORE romance has been written about Mata Hari than about any other spy, male or female, who ever existed. Her career has been surrounded by all sorts of colourful incidents. Most of these incidents have been pure fiction.

The plain truth is that Mata Hari, which means Eye of the Morning, was a Javanese pseudonym adopted by her as a variety artiste.

Actually, she was Margareta Gertrude Zell, born in 1876 at Leeuwarden, Holland.

She married a Scotsman named McLeod, but was divorced by him, and from that time went her own way. She was nothing more than an international courtesan—until she took up spying, and after that also. Yet, to give her her due, she became one of the most subtle and clever agents employed by Germans in the last war.

She received a sum of 30,000 marks for "expenses," and went from Berlin via Belgium, Holland, London, to Paris.

Her excuse for arriving in Paris to the officials was that she intended to sell her house in Neuilly.

To prove that her sympathies were with the French, she de-

## C. N. Doran continues his Spies Series "Beware of Such Women"

forced by him, and from that time went her own way. She was nothing more than an international courtesan—until she took up spying, and after that also. Yet, to give her her due, she became one of the most subtle and clever agents employed by Germans in the last war.

She was in turn the mistress of artists, officials, officers, even Ministers of many nations. Her insatiable thirst for money and gems brought many men to beggary.

She was a specialist in naked dances purporting to be dances of Indian and Javanese temple devotees, and she had received unanimous applause in London, Paris, Berlin, Cairo, New York, and elsewhere.

She was at home everywhere, but her most elegant mansion at No. 10 rue Windsor, Neuilly, Paris, was where she shone most brilliantly.

It had been given her by a romantic millionaire marquis.

When she performed in Berlin before the war she went all hysterical over her "love" for the Crown Prince, "Little Willie," eldest son of the Kaiser, and the Berlin crowd cheered thunderously.

But when she was on show in Paris she declared that the man she really loved most of all was Captain Marov, a Russian. The truth is that she "loved" where there was money to attract her. She was a vampire.

She was appearing at the Berlin Wintergarten when war was declared. Out of "love" for the Crown Prince and Ger-

man submarines were sheltering on the Moroccan coast. The French

watching. She became aware that she was under suspicion, so she made up her mind to return from the front to Paris. There she made a bold move. She approached the French military staff and offered her services to them as a spy!

To prove her good faith she gave information that German submarines were sheltering on the Moroccan coast. The French

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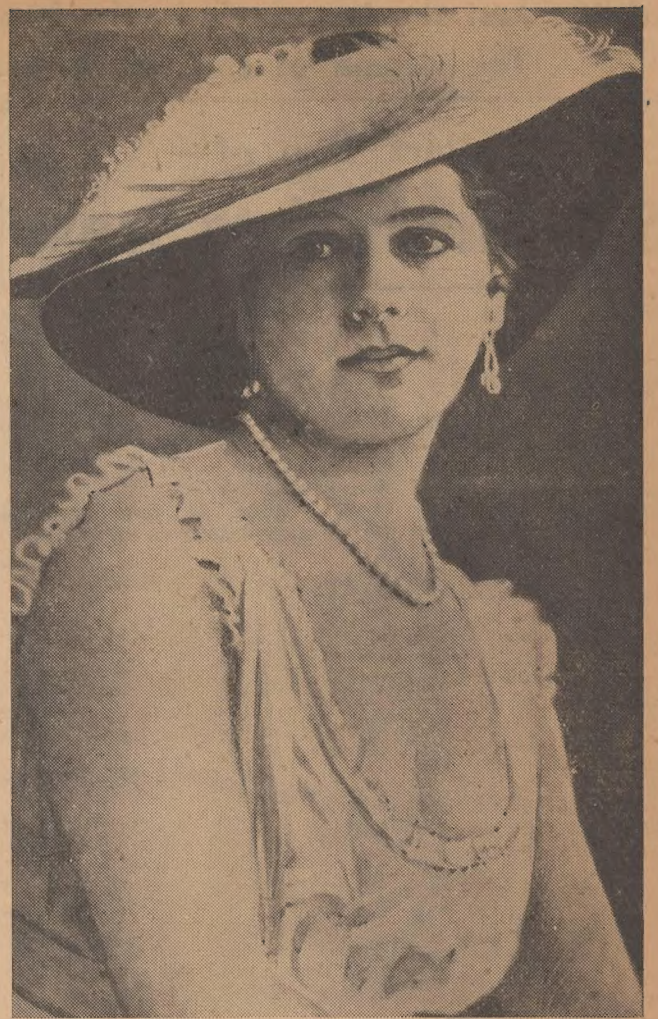
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and British found means to test this statement. They found that Mata Hari was inventing stories.

When she was told there was no truth in the Moroccan yarn she suggested that she could be of use if she went to Belgium, part of which was then occupied by the Germans.

It was here she made her fatal slip. She offered to convey any instructions to French agents in Belgium—and the French secret service took her at her word. Or they pretended to do so.

They furnished her with a list of agents employed in Belgium. It was a trap.

Of the list of names, only one was genuine; and this genuine one was the name of an agent who was suspected of being a double-spy—that is, of double-crossing both France and Germany.

Three weeks after Mata Hari received that list this man was shot in that country by the Germans.

This act, the French concluded, was not coincidence. Only one person could have given his name to the Germans, and that person was Mata Hari. But how had she done it? By letter, obviously.

But the French did not make a move—not yet. They allowed her to leave France, but they sent an agent after her. Perhaps she was aware she was being trailed. That will never be known; but she slipped into Germany.

Reports came through that she had arrived at Cologne. She had, indeed, been met in the street by a French agent.

ON HIGH SEAS.

But she was not done with wandering yet. She was on board a ship bound for another country when a British warship loomed up, stopped the ship, and captured her. Mata Hari being recognised among the passengers, she was conveyed to London.

One of the first places she was taken to was Scotland Yard, and there, facing the late Sir Basil Thompson, she went through an examination.

She admitted that she was a spy, but for France, not for Germany. She was allowed to go.

She secured a passage for Spain. In Madrid she was followed, although she did not know it. She repeatedly called on the German attaché there, and it was this series of visits that sealed her fate.

The German attaché sent off

a letter to the German intelligence chief in Amsterdam, asking for a sum of 15,000 pesetas to be paid to H.21 when she arrived back in Paris.

The French agents managed to get that letter, opened it, read the contents—and allowed her to get to Paris.

And there, since her German number on the spy list was known, she was arrested.

She was taken to St. Lazare prison. Her trial was dramatic in the extreme. Names of prominent Frenchmen were given, men who had "befriended" her. One was a French diplomat. Another was a high military officer. Another was a former French Minister of War. She had been the mistress of dozens.

She was unanimously condemned to be shot, and in the cold, gray dawn of October 15th, 1917, she met her fate.

ON HER KNEES.

She never repented. On the day before her execution she danced naked in her cell. She wrote a few love letters on her last evening of life.

As she walked out of her cell that morning she strutted past the file of soldiers defiantly. She refused to be pinioned or blindfolded. Erect and proud, she threw kisses to her lawyer and the priest.

Then the soldiers fired. She fell, but was not dead. While she was on her knees a sergeant-major stepped up and shot her through the ear with his revolver.

Her body was placed in a plain wood coffin and buried, acknowledged to be the most beautiful spy of modern history.

No wonder a French military chief warned his staff, "Beware of such women!"

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address: "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.





## Adrift. Just the two rivals in the boat—and Susanne was waiting at Tahiti. The drama of the South Seas moves towards its climax.

### Part Two of Sylvester's Sixth Sense

**S**YLVESTER'S rival in love and in seamanship sat hunched, recovering his breath and slapping the water from his clothes.

Sylvester felt the boat swing round slowly. He reached out for the tiller and jammed it over. There was no kick against it. The boat was no longer being towed, the water under her bows was black, not a touch of white foam showing.

"The tow-rope!" roared Sylvester. "It's gone! Ahoy! Cutter ahoy!"

Abbot looked up. "Cutter ahoy!" he cried feebly; then he sat down in a lump and cursed.

No answering hail came to them through the night. They waited, while Sylvester shouted at intervals.

Not a sound save the slapping of the sea on the stern of the boat answered their call.

"It can't be helped," said Abbot sullenly. "You needn't blame me. I came over the line of boats to see if the rope was holding. Yours was going. The knot was slipping. I was trying to fix it when I fell in, knocked over by a wave as the cutter shifted her course. That's all."

Sylvester sat down on the pile of nuts and stared at Abbot, trying to scrutinise his face in the darkness.

"You—the mate—came off the cutter to examine the towline? You found the line to this boat slipping? Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," flared Abbot. "Haven't I told you? We're adrift, aren't we?"

"We're adrift all right." Sylvester's voice was cold as ice and as hard. He crawled forward towards the bows, leaving Abbot in the stern. He was absent for some time.

When he came back he touched Abbot on the shoulder.

"Better get forward. You take the bow. I'll sit here. We're in for it."

"In for what?"

"Drift." He sat down with his arm round the tiller. Abbot rose and clawed his way over the nuts. When he was halfway to the bows he turned his head.

"Any chance of drifting to Gamblot?"

"No, there's no chance of drifting to Gamblot. You know that. We'll drift west."

"Same old know-all," snarled Abbot. "Don't you ever make a mistake, hey?"

"I made one a few minutes ago, Abbot. But I won't make another as we drift."

"What mistake?"

"I lifted you out of the sea."

Abbot's voice died in his throat as he settled himself in the bows of the boat. He was cursing Sylvester under his breath.

The night had swallowed the cutter up by this time, but her masthead light could still be distinguished, a pin-point of yellowish

red against the black velvet of the sky.

Abbot curled himself up and went to sleep. The long night passed without a word being exchanged between them.

Sylvester remained in the stern, his arm crooked as usual round the tiller from force of habit, his eyes and ears alive to any sign of aid.

When the sun flushed up in the east, Abbot roused himself and peered over the bows, then turned towards Sylvester. There was scare in his eyes then, for the sea was as flat as a pancake, and there was not a trace of land or ship.

Sylvester had shipped the tiller. The open boat lay motionless on the glassy sea, just the suggestion of a ripple gurgling round her sides.

Presently Sylvester looked up and threw towards Abbot a slice of bread.

"That's your ration for the day," he said. "You will have a couple of spoonfuls of milk also."

"What? Starvation diet?"

"Starvation diet," replied Sylvester. "We're adrift."

Abbot took the bread and came down for his milk, which he drank at once. Then he returned to his place in the bows.

Not another word was spoken, but Sylvester caught Abbot's eye roving over the boat and resting on him every now and then.

The sun burned them for ten hours before it sank in the west.

The second night began. Sylvester lay in the stern, listening. The stars came out, and a gentle breeze wafted across the face of the ocean, soft as a breath.

Just before dawn Abbot spoke.

"Are you sleeping, Sylvester?"

"No."

"Give me something to eat. I'm thirsty, too."

"You're on starvation diet. We're adrift."

When the sun rose on the sea, Sylvester measured out the ration and handed it over. Abbot accepted it with the ferocity of an animal, demanding more, but receiving nothing.

"We'll need all we've got, Abbot. I'm having the same as you. We're adrift. We'll need even the nuts."

"Cocksure again?" sneered Abbot. "It's that sixth sense, I expect."

"I expect it is."

They lay looking at each other, measuring each other, but the heap of coconuts was between them.

Occasionally, as he turned or shifted his position, Abbot's feet hit against the garden implements, causing them to clatter.

He lifted a spade and delved it over the side, using it as a paddle.

"Look, Sylvester, let's paddle with spades. I'll throw one down to you. We must get somewhere. It's hell lying here."

"It will be worse if we use our strength, Abbot. We'll need all we've got. You can eat a nut, if you like. I see you've been eating them during the night. That's not fair."

"You're not my boss. Can't I have a nut without your leave?"

"You should have told me. We'll need them all."

Abbot laughed, and continued to paddle idly, but the sun became so hot that he ceased before long, and lay back in the bows.

The day passed, and the sun dropped behind the sea rim in a blaze of fire. Darkness came like a shutter being pulled over the sky.

Sylvester eased himself, and sat with his back against the sternpost,

his body bent forward slightly, his eyes peering forward. The hours passed.

"Are you sleeping, Sylvester?" The voice came from the bows. Sylvester did not answer.

"But Sylvester in the stern sat rigid, quiet and still."

Presently he heard a movement in the bows, and the boat tilted slightly as the sound of a heavy body entering the water came to him.

Sylvester rose and began to move noiselessly towards the bows. He went over the heap of nuts like a snake and slid down among the garden tools without a sound.

Abbot was not in the bows.

From the stern there came a slight splashing as of a man treading water. The boat tilted more than ever, then swung back.

Sylvester rose. "Stay where you are, Abbot. Keep to the stern. You needn't come back to your place. I've taken it."

A grunt of disappointment and rage came forward. Then a laugh.

"I've got your grub, anyway, Sylvester. I'm going to have a feed. If you hadn't moved, I'd have had you, too."

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

5. Magellan sailed round the world for the first time in: 1461, 1481, 1501, 1521?  
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Cromer, Harwich, Southend, Dover, Hastings, Brighton.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 721

1. What is the difference between a stalactite and a stalagmite?
2. If you travelled by B.O.A.C., what organisation would take you?
3. What does "Beck" mean in town-names like Beckenham?
4. How long was a "Sabbath day's journey"?
1. Walloon is a French-speaking Belgian; Wallaby is an Australian animal.
2. British Industries Fair.
3. Oak.
4. Eleven inches.
5. 1215.
6. Facetious contains all the vowels in order (a, e, i, o, u); others don't.

## Very Hot Air

**T**HE King's Pilot, Air Commodore E. H. Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight, has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre by General Koenig, Military Governor of Paris, in recognition of services rendered to the French resistance movement. Air Commodore Fielden flew secret missions to Occupied France throughout the war.

**A**CCORDING to Admiral D. C. Ramsey, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics to the House Committee on Appropriations, the U.S. Navy now has seven times the number of aircraft it had before Pearl Harbour, and has imposed an aircraft loss ratio of five to one on the enemy.

Since Pearl Harbour the Navy has increased its aircraft-carrier strength from three to nearly a hundred. During the same time Navy fighter speeds had been increased by roughly 100 m.p.h., their ranges doubled, their fire-power trebled.

**S**HORT BROTHERS, Britain's oldest-established firm of aircraft manufacturers, has produced the largest aircraft yet to be built here. A flying boat, the Short "Shetland," was designed for long-range transport and reconnaissance.

The civil version can fly from London to Bombay non-stop with a payload of 7,620 lbs. Other data: All-up weight, 130,000 lbs. (58 tons); cabin volume, 3,088 cu. ft.; wing-span, 150ft.; length, 110ft.; power units, four Bristol 18-cyl. 2,500 h.p. radial Centaurus engines, with four-bladed Hydromatic airscrews. "Shetland" does a creditable 267 m.p.h.

## THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

**M**RS. TUFNEL, wife of Colonel Neville Tufnel, of Sunninghill, near Ascot, liked riding and hunting. But they were expensive pastimes.

So Mrs. Tufnel set about making some money. She turned herself into an estate agent.

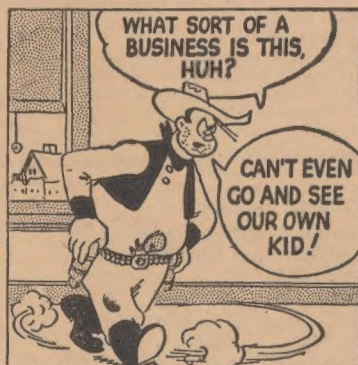
With her house as an office, she got in touch with all those friends who had been bothering her for houses in the district; looked up all the available properties; and got the two lots connected.

In the second year she made a small profit. In the fourth year she quadrupled it. Now she's head of a business which is one of the most successful estate agencies for miles around.

So she hunts and rides. Once a woman gets an idea into her head . . .

D.N.K.B.

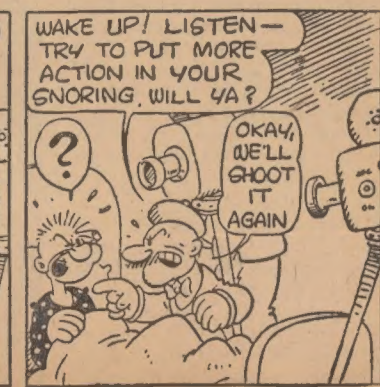
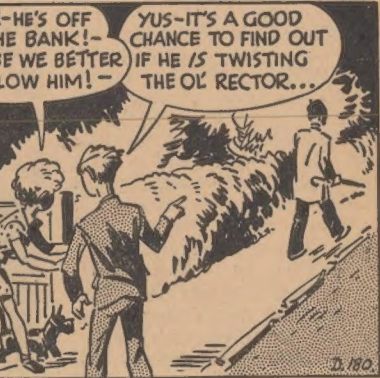
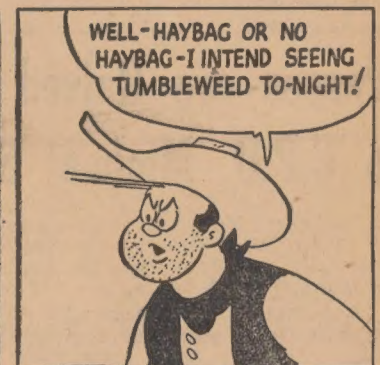
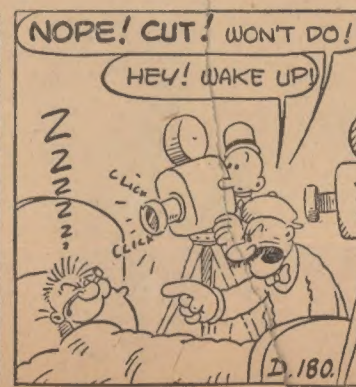
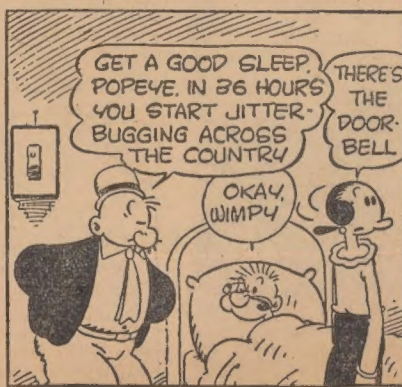
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





SYLVESTER'S SIXTH SENSE

(Continued from Page 2)

"I hear, Abbot, but you're wrong," Sylvester replied. "I don't want to return to Gamblot just now. Susanne is not there."

"Not there?"

"No. Just before we sailed she promised to marry me, and she and her father were sailing next day for Tahiti. I was to meet them there. There's no priest on Gamblot, but there's one on Tahiti."

A cry of rage broke from Abbot's lips.

All the gardening tools had disappeared from the boat.

(To be concluded.)

"It wasn't your sixth sense, after all! You'd asked her! You asked her before I got a chance! You big fool! You can tell me that now—now, when I have you in my power! It seals your fate, Sylvester. No man will marry Susanne except me. You hear?"

JANE

Solution to Puzzle in No. 721.

- 1. e l A t e
- 2. l a P e l
- 3. f e R r y
- 4. f a I t h
- 5. f a C e t
- 6. t r O o p
- 7. t o T a l

Eating Through the Centuries

OYSTERS for breakfast: gooseberries in the soup: lamprey pies: salted roast meat—these were some of the strange things the 17th Century man enjoyed, if he was lucky enough to be able to afford them. But short rations were still the lot of the poorer people both in town and country.

The villager had still to munch his coarse bread, his beans, bread and cheese, with an occasional piece of bacon or salted meat to provide variety.

The townsman breakfasted or dined from salt or pickled herrings, cheese, finer but less nourishing bread, and sometimes cheaper meats such as pigs' trotters and sheep's heads.

The countryman was, on the whole, better off. He had his own garden and had learned to grow vegetables for the table. And he was cunning in snaring wild life.

The middle classes did themselves well, and the wealthy did themselves better.

Early rising was the practice, and breakfast between six and seven o'clock would consist of cold meats, fish, cheese, salted or dried herrings, cheese, ale or beer.

Dinner at mid-day was the chief meal. They tucked into many kinds of meat, fish and game, and puddings and pies. The latter had become more popular, probably because of the lower cost of sugar

and the increased supplies of fruit—though fruit was still expensive.

Meat was the main food, and beef was the chief meat.

Owing to restrictions on imports and taxes, wine had disappeared from the tables of all but the well-to-do, and the national drink was established as beer or ale—or cider, in the West Country. The Roast Beef of Old England and Beer had come into their own.

A week's shopping for a nobleman's household in 1654 included one bullock, two sheep, one calf, a quarter of mutton, a side of veal, ten stone of pork, a pig, two calves' heads, four chickens, twelve pigeons and twenty pounds of butter.

The butter was used for cooking. None but the "lower" classes spread the stuff on bread!

Seamen on voyages were fed on salted, pickled or dried meat, roasted and cut into small pieces, then rammed into a barrel and covered with melted butter.

Attempts were made to preserve meat in spirits, and in one experiment a puppy dog was kept for two years in spirits of wine to prove that meat could be treated in this way.

Many of to-day's luxuries were cheap to the 17th century man: and some of the common foods on our tables were exclusive to the wealthy.

Wangling Words No. 661

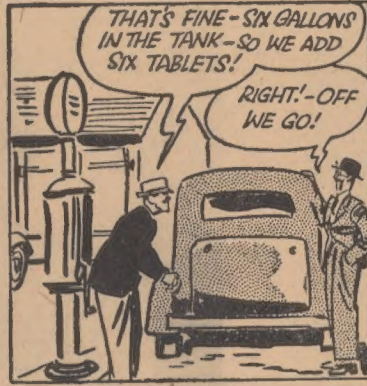
- 1. Behead a mass and get a number.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—samek isew a gutone deah a liltis.
- 3. What word meaning "contaminate" can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He always — the play to suit the leading —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 660

- 1. M-eat.
- 2. Faint heart never won fair maid.
- 3. FAINT.
- 4. Scarlet, clarets.



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

BIG BEN has friends in every country in the world; but the man who knows most about the old clock is Mr. Alfred Gillgrass, of Leeds. For a great many years Mr. Gillgrass has made a special study of Big Ben; has forty books on the subject, and spends most of his spare time within sound of its chimes.

It's an anxious time for him when, on rare occasions, the great clock gets out of its stride, and if things really get wrong, it is Mr. Gillgrass who gets called in for consultation.

One of the things on which he has been asked to give an opinion is a crack which has appeared in the bell. It is probably due to the fact that the clapper has been striking the same place for the past eighty years.

It would have broken Mr. Gillgrass's heart if Big Ben had not struck the hours on VE-Day—and the bomb that wrecked the House of Commons was only a near miss.

TEN years ago, doctors stood at the bedside of Edward Mathew and shook their heads. "He's got twelve hours to live, at the most," they said.

They were wrong. Edward, at the age of 91, is still proving you are only as old as you feel, in his wholesale meat business at Smithfield.

D.N.K.B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CASH HOBART  
CHOLER VIA  
BARROW POMP  
ICING DENSE  
DIM BEER R  
E APPORTION  
E ROAR PUT  
CROOK ABIDE  
LIMP MIRAGE  
ACE SENATE  
TENDON NEST

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12						13		
14				15	16			
17	18							
19	20				21	22	23	
			24	25				
26	27	28				29	30	31
32				33				
34						35		
36				37				

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Plaster. 6 Decline. 10 Peer. 11 Boring tool. 12 Helping. 13 London. 14 Poor district. 15 Shrewd. 17 Inclination. 19 Piece of bread. 21 Group of players. 24 Chimney top. 26 Not great. 29 Medicinal plant. 32 Bird of prey. 33 Plain. 34 Issue. 35 Prepare. 36 Big match. 37 Scraped.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Lots of water. 2 Cloth worker. 3 Hindustani. 4 Soles. 5 Part of body. 6 Electrical unit. 7 Quantity. 8 Water lizard. 9 Boy's name. 16 Pack closely. 18 Engrave. 19 Box. 20 Joins. 22 Vices. 23 Develop. 25 Additional. 27 Tree. 28 Abbreviated girl. 30 Spring. 31 Observed.



# Good Morning



## THE OTHER BLOKE'S JOB.

Barbers have their poles to help you recognise their shops. Chemists have those great glass bottles of coloured water in the window for the same reason. But this is the first time we've seen a village smithy advertising itself with a horse-shoe-shaped doorway. It is to be found in Antrim, County Antrim, Northern Ireland. Pat's a broth of a bhoys!



## SOUTH SEA SUBMARINERS.

This picture was taken during a quiet moment on patrol in a British submarine operating in Far Eastern waters. The officers, who have apparently "gone native" in a big way, pose for a snap on the gun platform. Do you recognise any of 'em?

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"I SMELL A RAT!" cried the good lady of the house, smartly jumping on to a chair. "There he is, Mummy, with a slipper in his hand!" cried little Ermytrude. And than little Ermytrude learned what slippers are for!



## CAUGHT!

Fido is the thief, then, and here you see him caught red-handed. But it's an intelligent dog who stations himself in the bone-bin, waiting for tit-bits. All comes of having an education, we suppose.



## ★ STRIP-TEASE AT 70 M.P.H.!

This teaser does her stuff as she whizzes through space, clinging to the strut of a swing-boat that whirls her madly round and round. Note: Must try and get along—we might win a pair of knick-knacks for the Missis!



## ★ A GAL WITH PLENTY OF STUFF ON THE BALL!

We don't know what game Janet Blair is going to play with her ball—but she certainly puts ideas into our head!